Bt. from Wm. Tait, Reading

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Wt in Arrears 15/

Archibald Hamilton.

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written by Alex. Pennecuik – very scarce & curious
– this identical copy was marked by Blackwood
in his Catalogue for 1812 at 15/–

CORYDON and *COCHRANIA*,

A

PASTORAL

ON

The Nuptials of the High and Potent Prince, His Grace *JAMES* Duke of *Hamiltoun*, *Chatelherault* and *Brandon*, *&c.* with the Lady *ANNE COCHRAN*, Eldest Daughter of the Right Honourable *JOHN* Earl of *Dundonald*, *&c.* Solemniz'd *February* 14, 1723.

By A. P. Gent.

When to his Arms they brought her Virgin Love,
Fair Angels sung their Bridal Song above;
Th' Eternal nodding shook the Firmament,
And conscious Nature gave her glad Consent:
Roses unbud, and every fragrant Flower,
Flew from their Stalks, to strow the nuptial Bowr;
The furr'd and feather'd Kind the Triumph did pursue,
And Fishes leapt above the Streams, the passing Pomp to view.

Dryd. State of *In.*

EDINBURGH:

Printed by *William Adams* Junior, MDCCXXIII.

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Milindor. *Polydor.*

Milindor.

OF Late our Fields wore ſick and pallid Looks,
Trees hung their Heads, and Fiſh forſook the Brooks.
Now on a Sudden, all are green and gay,
Cold frozen *Februar* laughs and looks like *May*,

Nay

Nay thou my *Polydor* forgetſt thy Woes,
Thou'rt joyful as the *Spring*, and blooming as the *Roſe*.

Polydor.

Let your Fields laugh, and all the Rivers ſmile,
With Shoots let's ſpread the News thro' all the Iſle,
We've got a vital Touch revives the Dead,
Which makes each Mountain raiſe its drouſy Head,
Nature, in Haſte throws off her Winter Dreſs,
And all Things here, a Nuptial Day confeſs,
Attending Crouds on fair *Cochrania* wait,
And throng about her to the Temple Gate,
And Holy Prieſts ſtand there attending on,
To give the lovely Nymph to God like *Corydon*.

Milindor.

Thou *Polydor* dart'ſt comforts thro' my Soul,
Which makes my Heart warm as an Altar Coal,
High Tides of Joy, do ſwell my lab'ring Breaſt,
It rages in my Soul, I'm with the Weight oppreſs'd,
Tho' from the neighbouring Wood ruſht furth a Boar,
And with fierce Claws devour'd my fleecy Store,

My

My Looks a Mirth and Pleasure would confess,
Which neither Voice could sing, nor Words express.
Fortune hath made a-Mends, for all her Crimes,
Let *Wanton Willie* with his natural Rhimes,
And all the Poets with a heavenly Flight,
Proclaim this Day the Source of all Delight,
Encumbred with their Wealth, see how the Cows
Unload their Dugs beneath these verdant Youghs,
An unknown Weight of Fruit, bows down the Trees,
And Honey bursts the Thighs of labouring Bees,
Pain'd with a double Birth our Flocks do roar,
And Fish for Room come swimming to the Shoar
Nature complains her Lap can hold no more,
The *Myrtles* bloom, tho' formerly they mourn'd,
We'll see the Golden Age, this is *Elysium* turn'd.
Had I our *Willie's* Tongue his Grace of Speech,
My Song should to remotest Corners reach;
Yet tho' I have no Title to the Bays,
In Rural Notes, I'll sing *Cochrania*'s Praise.

Polydor,

And I brave *Corydon*'s the Divine Man,
Pride of the Plains scarce equaliz'd by *Pan*.

Come all ye Nymphs and Swains, come ſport and play,
Albion *Rejoice, and keep the Holy Day.*

Begin *Milindor* with the joyful Song,
To hear it, let the liſtning Angels throng.

Milindor.

Where ere ſhe goes her Feet ſtamp Nature new,
The blaſted Graſs puts on a verdant Hue,
And blooming Plants ſtart up, where dying Daſies
From frozen Winter Beds, dead Swallows riſe, (grew
To bask in Beams ſhot from her radiant Eyes:
Where ere ſhe ſtands, the Place is Holy Ground,
She ſcatters Immortality around,
She ſhines like *Phœbus* in *Meridian* Pride,
Without a dusky Cloud her Face to hide,
Her Heat's more Natural for it's not ſo hot,
She's clearer than the Moon, and has no Spot.
Come all ye Nymphs and Swains, &c.

When ſhe the Heav'n born Nymph trips thro' the
A Leathergy of Love numbs every Swain. (Plain,
Old Matrons with kind youthful Looks do ſmile,
And Bees in buſy Swarms, hum o'er the graſſy Pile,

The

The *Nightingale*, Heaven's Poet *Laureat* ſings,
And Chanticlears on Rooſts, do crow and clap their (Wings
The Sun rolls laſy down the *Weſtern* Skies;
As loath to loſe the Gazing on her Eyes,
With trembling Rev'rence at her Feet we bow,
As Sprigs of Graſs bend with the Morning Dew.
Come all &c.

When we're with her, how dance the Hours away,
Incenſe is offer'd ſtill to make them ſtay,
O ! She's the Grace and Glory of the Plain,
Humble as Shrubs that droop with Evening Rain,
When laſt ſhe travell'd thro' this Deſart wild,
The Planets liſtned, and the Herbage ſmil'd,
Her Name is Muſick and a Magick Charm,
To ſave our Woods, and all our Heaths from Harm.
Ambroſial Odors blow within her Arms,
All Eyes are blind that do not ſee her Charms.
Come all, &c.

By all the *Renfrew* Shepherds 'tis confeſs'd,
A glorious Sun ariſes in the *Weſt*,
Thro' ſpacious Fields, by all the Swains its told,
This Sun hath more Adorers than the Old,

When

When on the Pype ſhe tells her amorous Tale,
How *Corydon* did ſpeak, and how he did prevail,
Fauns, and the fairy Queen leap forth to hear the Sound,
Whilſt Wolfs and Beaſts of Prey, ly blaſted on the Ground;
Unuſual Wildneſs in their Looks appear,
Seeing the Tyrants of the Wood, thus conquer'd by the (Fair.
But *Cupid* mounted on his Airy Carr
Shoots Arrows 'mongſt the Swains, and ſcatters War.
Come all, &c.

Polydor.

Great Ruler of the Day, haſte down thy Coach,
Command thy ſhining Sons, the Stars, t' approach,
Then to ſurround the Bed, and light the Bridal Torch:
Ye Gods, your Hymning Guards above diſpatch,
To take their Sent'ry Poſts, and round them watch;
A Serenad from your Celeſtial Hall,
Will grace the Mask, and bleſs the Ev'ning Ball
O bleſs the beſt of Swains, the firſt of Peers,
Let the laborious Night crown all our future Years.

Come all ye Nymphs and Swains, come ſport and play,
Albion *rejoice, and keep the Holy Day.*

Venus Propitious to the Nuptial Night;
With youthful Charms, aſſiſt the Am'rous Fight,

Teach

Teach him the ſoothing Arts that catch the Fair
Strew Bleſſings on the Bed, and hear each Shepherd's
Low, at thy Altars we thy Aid invock, (Prayer.
And offer up the fatteſt of our Flock.

Come all, &c.

'Tis he that guides his Vaſſals midſt the Rocks,
To ſhun the bitter Blaſts, and wheel about their Flocks;
Tho' ſprung of Royal Blood, he ſhuns the Court,
Covets ſoft Peace, and lives in Rural Sport:
From an infectious Court he ſoon withdrew,
To court ſubſtantial Bleſs and Pleaſures true,
Delights untainted, and his Country's Praiſe,
And mocks the Tumult of the Court, and hates her factious
Sails down the Streams of Life, gay and ſecure, (Way
Sports on the Plains with Marks of Sovereign Power.

Come all, &c.

When his Hand weilds the Sheep compelling Rod,
[illegible]e Sheep-herds take him for their Guardian God;
[illegible] language melts the moſt obdurate Breaſts,
[illegible] the wildeſt Savages arreſts.

By nat'ral Instinct they all Homage pay,
The Greatness of his Birth, makes every one obey,
He rules the Plains, but not by Lion's Law
The sweetest Youth that ever Shepherd saw;
Yet doth not fish for Fame, and low Means use,
To stain the Glory of his noble House.

Come all, &c.

He gives new Garments when our Cloths grow old
'Tis he that paints our fleecy Skirts with Gold,
Wearied all Day with toiling at the Fold,
Angling the Brooks. and trembling with the Cold;
To his fair Tent at Night, we do advance,
Are chearful with full Bowls, more chearful in the Dance,
When he and merry Lark awakes the Morn,
She with her Notes, he with the winding Horn,
Upon the Banks of *Clyde* appears so bright,
The Shepherds smile to see the lovely Sight;
The Cristal Streams, fond of such Interviews,
Roll quickly down, to tell the joyful News.

Come all, &c.

When

When thro' the thorny Woods he takes his Way,
Each conſcious Buſh its Weakneſs doth betray,
Draws back its wounding Arms, that he may catch the
By Tyrany and Force ſome Sovereigns reign, (fleeing Prey,
He's half by Birth, by Choice our only King.

Come all ye Nymphs and Swains, come ſport and play;
Albion *rejoice, and keep the Holy Day.*

Printed and ſold by *William Adams* Junior, at his Printing Houſe in *Carubber's* Cloſe.

(Price 2 d.)